The Bystander, December 13, 1916.—No. 680. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

GEORGE AS THE DRAGON

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Edie Veno, Phyllis Bedells, Frederick Ross, Etc.

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Sat., Dec. 23. Matinee at 2 (first performance).
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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Latest (at Present)

The watch on the Rhine will be wound up without further delay and thrown clean out of the map by the Right Hon. Lloyd Law, Prime Minister of Great Britain and—we hope—Ireland.

The Premier Push

Mr. Bonar George, in other words, is the sole survivor of last week's Big (or Premier) Push. Several candidates were put up by the newspapers for the push, and all took it, Mr. Asquith first and fiercest. Messrs. Bonar Law and Lloyd George only bounced; Mr. Lloyd Law resulting from the rebound.

Capital B.'s

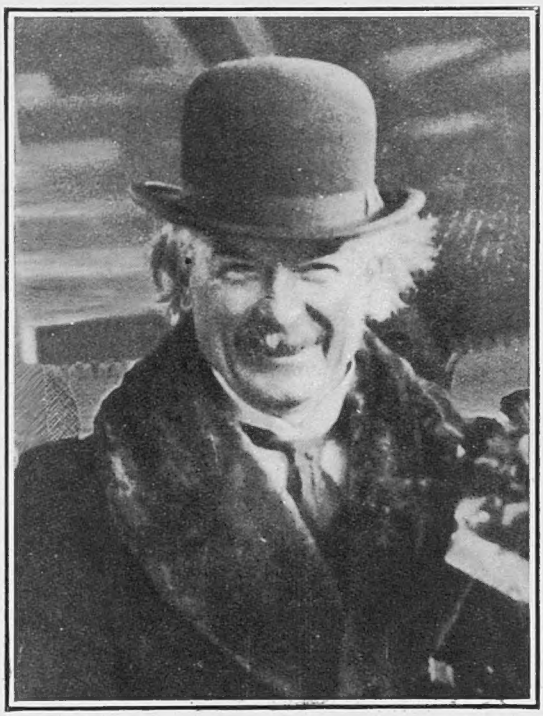
Good luck to him. We want it if he doesn't. Germany has added another to her collection of capital B.'s — Brussels, Belgrade, and Bucharest, with Berlin one end and Bagdad the other — and it's high time we had a Cabinet big enough to know how to stop this alarming hobby and small enough to do it.

No Stunts, Please

To the new Administration collectively and severally one word. Mr. Lloyd Law, my lords, and labour men—no stunts, please. You have not, addressing you singly, come into office to make your career. The only careers you've got to bother about are the Kaiser, Hindenburg and Co.'s, and how to bottle them. We don't want to hear all about you and what you are doing. The man who keeps on stopping to talk about his job isn't doing it. The less we hear of you and the more we hear of our soldiers' and sailors' successes the better we shall know you are doing what we are paying you for. No stunts! Take off your coat, leave your career on the hat-rack, shut your mouth, open your eyes, harden your heart, take your courage in both hands—and get at it.

Right Rights and Wrong

Labour has a good show in the new Administration. It has a right to. It is the backbone of every department of our end of the war from Tommy to T.N.T. The only thing one questions is the very thing that ought not to be questioned—the "right to." Only one right has a proper place in the war—the right way to win. It will never be found until we all of us abandon our own exclusive little rights and contribute instead any little wrongs we may be called upon to suffer. If Bonar George is wise he will take the rights and hang the wrongs without asking. It was asking instead of acting that led to Mr. Asquith having to ring up the pantechnicon people about moving his things from No. 10.



Photograph *Sport and General*

NOT COMBED OUT

Gentlemanly Drawbacks

No one has gone much out of his way to say a good word for Mr. Asquith. Let THE BYSTANDER say one. Whatever else may be alleged against the ex-Premier, he is at least, and has always been, a gentleman. Unfortunately that is just what they say about Mr. Balfour at the Admiralty; and the dickens of it is that in the conduct of this war that's just what——and that's just why Ll——. Really, these things are very difficult to explain in print.

Moving Ministers

Indeed, it is difficult to be clear about anything. The week has been not so much a week as a whirlpool. If there have been a confusing number of Premiers flying about they were nothing to the two dozen or so sets of Ministerial gentlemen who whirled through the Press in a kind of nightmare moving picture. Bewildered newspaper readers were presented with politicians who (1) Had been Ministers (2) Would be Ministers. (3) Ought to be Ministers. (4) Emphatically ought not to be Ministers. (5) Would see Asquith slammed if they'd be Ministers. (5a) Would see Lloyd George slammed if they'd be Ministers. (5b) Would see Bonar Law slammed if they'd be Ministers.

Hunsporting

They call this Reconstruction, and many people are more bitter than ever with the Germans for letting the war interfere with the full enjoyment of the game. One positively despairs of ever getting Berlin to conduct the war in the same spirit as we conduct it. Hunsporting, as one might say.

Winding-up Wanted

However, there it is, or was, or will be again. And here Bonar George is, or was, or will be, or won't be. All his first tasks are made

(Continued on page 582)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page 581*)

perfectly clear to him by the newspapers. THE BYSTANDER will only express the pious hope that, as the quickest way of winding-up the watch on the Rhine, he will begin by winding-up a few of the chunks of cumbersome mechanism on or near the Thames and dropping them into it.

Exclusive Information

As a result of all these alarms and excursions I find myself in the mood for that confession which is good for the soul, but (in newspapers) bad for the circulation. I have to admit that THE BYSTANDER absolutely cannot give you any of all those absolutely secret intentions of the moving Ministers which the daily papers throughout the crisis were able to give many hours before they happened, and whether they happened or not. But it can give you, absolutely exclusive, a dream that has been dreamt.

A Downing Street Dream

Mr. Asquith had a beautiful dream. Mr. Asquith dreamt that the entire nation, headed by the entire House of Commons dressed in white sheets and candles, came and wept all over his doorstep and implored him to come back and win the war. The dream reached sublimity when he saw a newspaper scrapping half-a-hundred other mottoes and substituting the proud device:

"The Paper that Brought Back Mr. Asquith."

FEELING THE DRAUGHT

Lyrical Laws

To the new Administration may be recommended reconsideration of Mr. Yeo's suggestion to the ex-Premier that orders issued by the Government should be written in language easily understanded of the people. The idea is enough to make a lawyer eat his wig; but it has charm—and possibilities. Mr. Yeo cited the case of one order by the new Liquor Control Board which measured 3ft. long by 2ft. wide. But why not make the laws bright and snappy as well as clear? Suppose the 6 sq. ft. now under notice relates to the long pull. Why not—

Touch not, touch not the dread long pull,
It makes the worker far too full.

Neat? Could a lawyer say as much under one rod, pole, or perch of verbosity? Not only told what not to do, but given a moral and dietetic reason for it.

The New Movable Feasts

From the unanimity with which everybody is telling everybody else that two courses are quite enough for lunch and three almost unnecessary for dinner, I find it difficult to imagine who ever gorged the five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten courses which the restaurants gave us before the Germans began trying to cook our goose for us. Nevertheless, the way is still open to the individual who can't keep body and soul together under half a dozen dishes. *Hors d'œuvre* and soup with fish at one lunch; gentle movement to assist digestion to a neighbouring restaurant for an *entrée* and bit of bird; joint and sweet across the road; and a nice little top up with dessert, cheese, and coffee a few doors further down. A further advantage to the busy man is that he can give—or accept—four luncheon-parties in one lunch.

Guineapigs

The theatrical attempt to try guinea stalls has not taken long to prove wanting. Those who supported it in these days of extravagance the worst crime and economy the first virtue ran a distinct risk of losing caste rather than gaining it. Paragraphists elevated them to—in their horrible jargon—guinea "stallites." They were much more like guinea-pigs.

Pacifist National Anthem

The frantic outburst of Pacifist literature of the last few weeks is easily understandable. As the old order at Downing Street tottered to a close and the sound of the new brooms came sweeping there was a natural rush to make the best of closing opportunities. The Pacifist National Anthem will be wailed with profound sincerity at future Pacifist meetings:

"O, for the touch of the Hidden Hand."

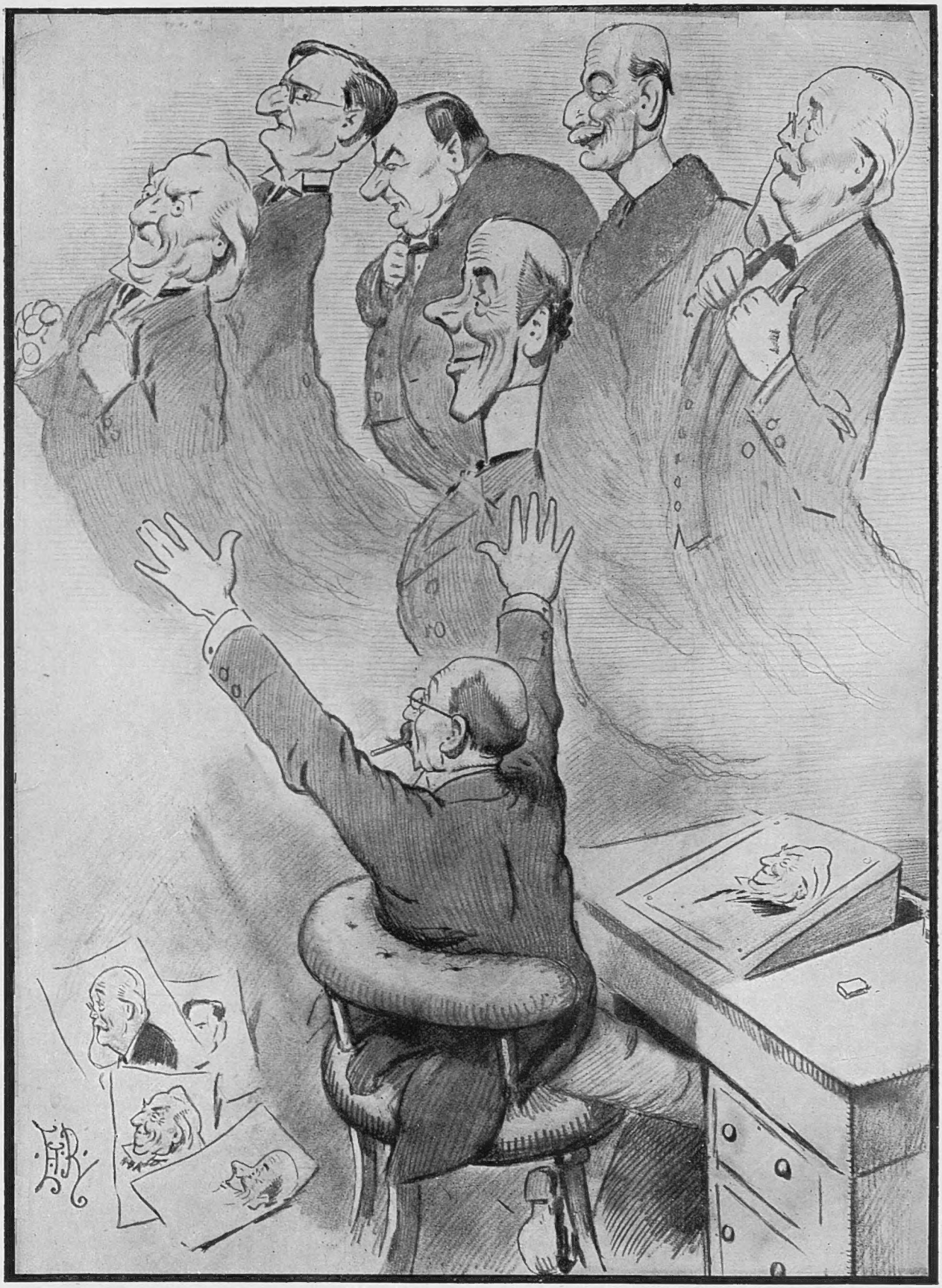
Appeal Cases: Westminster Tribunal

GEORGE, DAVID LLOYD, classified for Home Service only, 53, Married, Cabinet Maker, Starred, Appeal granted, Total Exemption.

A Good Result

The Bystander in Paris (Mr. John N. Raphael) and the readers of THE BYSTANDER in England may alike be congratulated on the success which has attended the appeal he made in his interesting article on "L'Entr'aide Artistique Français" in our issue of August 30. The canteens started by this excellent society immediately on the outbreak of war, in aid of the poorer artistic fraternity of Paris, received, during September and October, in response to the appeal of the Bystander in Paris made on their behalf, a sum of nearly 7,000 francs in aid of their efforts from English readers; and it is, perhaps, only necessary to point out that the hardships of winter accentuate the necessities of those for whom the canteens are provided to ensure that the stream of help from this country will not freeze up.

"The Indispensables'" Chief Mourner



HORRIFIED CARICATURIST (seeing all his natural prey departing—pronounced to be Peace Luxuries): "Stop! Stop!! This is too much!! I like you if nobody else does!!"

Sketched at The Savoy Fair

IN AID OF THE ST. DUNSTAN'S HOSTEL

Miss McKie's animated sketches show: (1) Mme. Astafieva (première danseuse of the Imperial Russian Ballet) dancing in the "Russian" entertainment; (2) Chelsea pensioners (looking a little astonished) at the fair; (3) An amused Russian officer; (4) Relics from the trenches; (5) A fortune teller and her—victim

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *December* 11, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

NOT a fortnight to Christmas—to be really original, time does fly, doesn't it? But I can't say there's any of "that Christmas feeling" about, what with the war and war *menus*, and the political "crisis" and Rumania, and Greece, and things in general generally; in fact, of all the war-Christmases to date I'm not sure this one isn't the worst and most worrying of the lot. At least there wasn't any trouble about our celebrating the others properly if we did want to. But this year. . . .

"He only gets a bit of what missus has"

⁂ ⁂

EVEN our dogs are to feel the pinch of war. Down with pampered pets and death to the cushioned and degenerate lap-dog is the very last economy cry, and hair-raising stories are going the rounds of the popular Press all about priceless Pekinese who batten on daily chickens boiled in the milk the babies ought to have, consume a tin of Brand's essence two or three times a week, and fill up any moments left over with cutlets, chocs, tripe, liver, lights, and other priceless tit-bits; and a Mayfair one I heard of was all but lynched in the Park last week—the starving masses (Germany please read) saw visible and unmistakable signs of a breakfast egg upon his whiskers.

⁂ ⁂

OF course, it's only *other* people who pamper their pedigree houndlets and over-feed their Pekes and griffons. Individual consciences are clear—no one I know ever confesses to an expenditure of more than a bob, at the most, per week per pet, however priceless; and as for the duck of a dragon dog whose little world revolves round Blanche (plus dinner, plus walks)—he only gets a bit of what missus has (same as the Home Secretary or the Food Dictator would if *they* came to dine), and in return pours out a perfect avalanche of blind and utterly unquestioning devotion, which no price would be too much for, and no money could buy.

⁂ ⁂

BUT it isn't only our doggy pets they say we're pampering. The very latest is that we're doing our tempy. lieuts. and our captains, and even our colonels, a bit too well. And at the bare suggestion that their hotel bills should come down a bit the manager people simply hold up their hands in holy horror. "Yes, perhaps eet *ees* what you call a bit thick, zis 3*s*. 6*d*. for ze breakfast," said one of them; "but zese young officaire gentlemen they eat very 'earty, and they eat some of everyting. Zere ees no profit in it for me—none at all!"

⁂ ⁂

THIS week's the week, you know, for the new dining-out rules. Only three courses, and bills sternly kept down to the official limit—and what they'll do to the greedy pigs who slip in an extra course of anything I *don't* know. But I hope while they're about it they'll make a maximum for wines and tips too—may as well be dead, you know, as far as getting any proper attention goes, in any of the big places, if you're not drinking the usual bottle of the best.

⁂ ⁂

I MUSTN'T say which particular restaurant it was, of course, but it's really a true story the one about the man who never drank anything but whisky-and-soda and was dining at one of the very smartest the other day. He ordered his usual drink, and found very soon that no one was worrying about him in the very least, though his waiter was simply falling over himself to look after the next table, where a young sub. was blowing the usual bottle on a chorus lady.

⁂ ⁂

HE stood it for just a little, then called for the wine-list. "What's the most expensive champagne you've got?" "This is a very good one, sir."

(*Continued on page 580*)

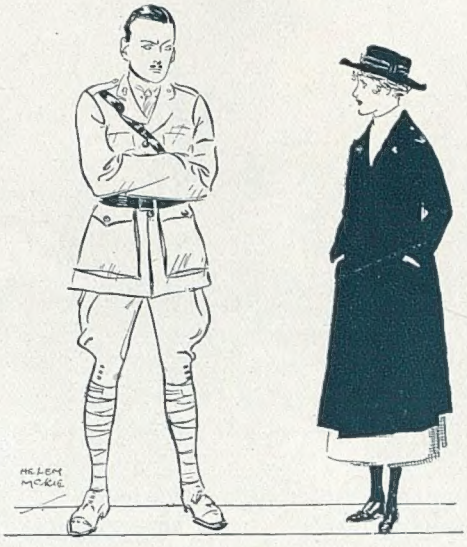
"The battle-fighters . . . find their high boots quite gaspingly attractive"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 585*)

"I don't want to know what it's *like*. Bring me the *dearest*. A magnum!" It was brought. "Now a pail," said the diner. "No, not an ice-pail. An ordinary kitchen-pail." Alarms, excursions, whisperings, pointings. Finally the pail was brought.

⁂ ⁂

THEN, with everyone in the place now fully interested and all eyes agog, he made the horrified waiter uncork the magnum, and pour every drop of it into the pail. "Now," he said, turning to the manager, who by this time was standing petrified at his elbow, "tell your people to take it away. I don't drink champagne because I don't like it, not because I can't afford it. Perhaps *now* I may get at least as much attention as the gentleman at the next table who has only ordered a bottle." He did.



"Don't come out 'in those'"

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of tips, if we are Prussianising things (and we are, you know, a bit. Seems to "go" with war-making) it'll be rather a relief, won't it, if we manage to Prussianise them, too? Even before the war a penny was quite a lordly gift for a German officer to fling at the humble *Kellner* for his services during a meal. By now I should think only a Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach would dream of rewarding the minions on such a lavish scale. If they *are* inclined to underdo it it's a fault on a righter side than the way we overdo it and let ourselves be terrorised by the paltry parasites who minister not only to the sort of luxuries one is prepared to pay more than they're worth for, but to the quite ordinary necessities of life like dinner and an occasional taxi.

⁂ ⁂

ALL of which things are gradually but steadily driving us in one direction—"home, dearie, home." No terror of the tip there, no beastly bill to pay (not cash, anyway, or till the morning after), and drinks from and to any hour at heaps less per bottle, and a nice fat comfy chair to recline in afterwards, instead of keeping on sitting up straight for your coffee and cigarettes and things.

"Zese young officaire gentlemen eat very 'earty"

⁂ ⁂

I SUPPOSE that'll mean still more marrying and giving in marriage, won't it, because you can't run a home without a wife—or, at least, that's what we try to make them believe. For, of course, even at home you want a cook, and the ordinary professional one either can't be got at all or her price is above rubies, such are the fatal counter-fascinations of munitions and things. "Man should seek for nobleness of mind when he goes marrying," says Mr. Masefield. "Some perception of the soul of the world, a passion for the right, a faith which burns steady. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

ALAS! an idealist, Mr. Masefield. You can't go on those lines in war-time, I fear. A *fire* which burns steady is more like it:

Marry the cook, nor let thy fancy
Caress the idea of darling Nancy;
For Nancy may be fair and good,
But cook will give thee decent food.
In dimpled cheeks love liveth not,
But rather in the seething pot.

⁂ ⁂

THE worst of it is—you know what men are, so unreasonable and so contrary about things like that. Take the great high boot question—it's even got into Parliament now; really things are amusing these days, aren't they, if there is a war? They say they're too high—the right ones, I mean, of course—and I suppose we *have* known all along that they weren't perhaps *quite* what you'd call war-time necessities. But if we *attempt* to give 'em up what happens? "Oh, but why?" asks the stronger sex. "They're topping!" And the battle-fighters home on leave find them quite gaspingly attractive, and want to know where they can buy ones like them. Say they think they'd be *so* useful for wading through the mud out there!

⁂ ⁂

As a charming V.A.D. writes to me: "Of course it doesn't matter really, nothing matters except to get on with the war and get on with it quick, and flat feet, chapped hands, a red nose, and hair that comes out in handfuls because its always covered up don't mar the beauty of one's patriotic soul. *We* suffer these meekly, but, alas! our menkind do not!

(*Continued on page 588*)

Another War Bride-to-Be

Camera Portrait *Lallie Charles*

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT STUDY OF THE HON. MARGARET BEAUMONT

Whose engagement to Capt. Viscount Ebrington, of the Dragoon Guards, has lately been announced. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Allendale, and has been very busy in nursing the wounded for some time past

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page* 586)

"THAT'S the rub, Blanche. Twice have I been implored by the men who matter (home on leave) not to come out, 'in *those*——.' Oh, Blanche! it's not the sights and sounds and smells and the cold eye and sharp tongue of the Army sisters that make our lot a hard one. It's the little feminine things that sometimes make us rather sad. We don't look nice, and we know it. It's nonsense to talk of the becoming uniform—those ark-like coats and stiff round hats. Oh, Blanche! the cruelty of it! To have to walk down Bond Street attired *à la* Madame Noah, amidst such pretty, furry, frilly creatures—useless, no doubt, but, oh, how ornamental!

❋ ❋

"INDOORS it's a bit better, but I defy the prettiest V.A.D. that ever stepped to look her best in useful shoes, a stiff collar, and a cap that makes one's head look just like a pudding tied up in a cloth—if worn according to regulations, which certainly isn't often! And, oh! those females who come and say quite brightly (they really and truly do, Blanche), 'How interesting! I expect you just *love* the work. And, of course, they take *officers* as well, don't they? You V. A. D.'s have *quite* a good time, I'm *sure!*'

❋ ❋

"OFFICERS! Well, I may have been unlucky, but some of the ones I've had to look after have made me say: 'Give me the plain but polite Tommy, who murmurs 'All right, Sister, that don't matter,' when your cold hand slips and you stick a safety pin firmly into his anatomy. So, many thanks, dear Blanche, for championing the cause of the down-trodden and unappreciated V.A.D. We do need a kind word now and then to keep us going. Everyone's so much more interested in the girls who plough and scatter and the girls who feed the guns."

❋ ❋

APROPOS, a man also writes me about my V.A.D. remarks: "I, like you, admire the V.A.D.'s immensely," he says. "They are what you might call some of the real war-workers. Lots of women in England only seem to want war-work if they can get a crack in a newspaper, with photo, if possible, looking fetching in a smock and breeches, and holding a rake. It's a pity some of them can't visit the French women on the land, most of the poor old dames are well over forty, and don't wear breeches or overalls; but they get results, and I've seen them working right up to our gun positions that get shelled every day.

❋ ❋

"BUT as to men preferring revue girls to V.A.D.'s—well, you know most of them would prefer meeting a V.A.D., if she was a nice one, that is. But it's so easy to meet a revue girl without the formal introduction, and you'd probably get horribly snubbed if you tried that sort of thing on a V.A.D." He's a South African, by the way, and there seems somehow something wrong in the way we welcome our cousins from the Colonies over here, for he says what I've heard others say before him:

❋ ❋

"I shall never forget my first leave in London. I stayed at the Piccadilly, and much appreciated all the comforts and the music and the crowds of happy, well-dressed women. But, except the lift-fellow, only one single man addressed me, and he asked if I were really over from South Africa. I found it very, very lonely and unsociable, so if you have any V.A.D. friends who would enjoy, say, a lunch or a dinner and the theatre, someone jolly, who'd make me forget this hell for a few hours, do let me know, as I may be dumped in London soon again one day."

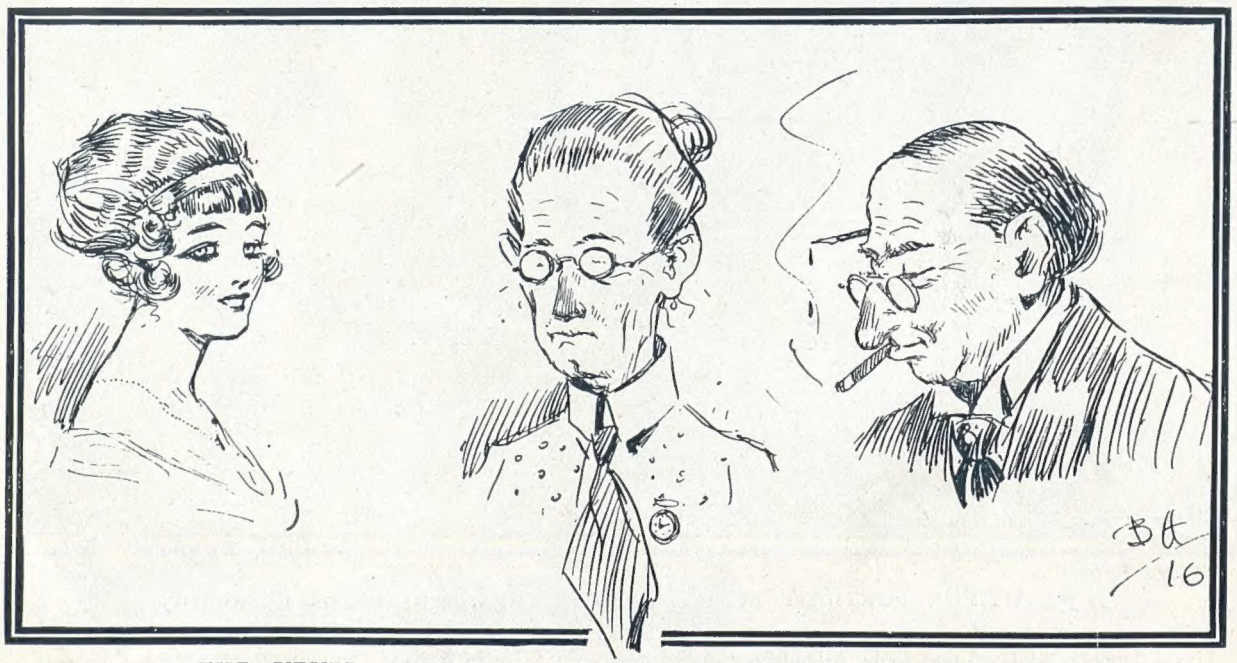
❋ ❋

A VERY wonderful thing, war, isn't it? Sir James Barrie writes of "the touch of other-worldliness" that was about Lord Lucas after he joined the ranks that fight in the air. And also of the wounded Tommies in hospital—"those Tommies who lie in rows and have the manners of public school boys." It's a very nice world, after all.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

? ? ?



THE VEXED QUESTION: WHICH OF THESE IS "BLANCHE"?

[*Sent in by a still undeceived correspondent*]

The Conscript (?)

6 A.M.: CLOTILDA PREPARES TO ANSWER THE CALL OF THE MUNITION HOOTER

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

RUSSIA AND HER PREMIERS

MONSIEUR TREPOFF is the third Premier that Russia has had since the outbreak of war. I find it hard to understand the question sometimes asked: "Can Russia be trusted?" Because Russia *does* things, which alone ought to give us confidence in our great Ally. Russia hangs, without sentiment, unfaithful citizens. Russia imprisons Ministers who have proved traitors, and Russia changes Premiers who are lukewarm to the *Entente's* victory. And it is just Russia's simple, direct way of dealing with things that is proving her strength. She is becoming a power that all of us must feel in the future. Complexity of thought and action seem to be Great Britain's main deterrent in bringing great issues to satisfactory conclusions.

MONSIEUR TREPOFF is a Russian, as his name implies. Monsieur Stuermer's name doesn't, having quite another sound; but calling a Russian subject a German might shock many people who do not know the real situation there. The Baltic provinces are inhabited by Germans, but for some 700 years they have been under Russian rule; and among them there is still considerable pro-German feeling. The cities are predominantly anti-German, and nearly all the Baltic Finns and Letts are quite loyal to Russia; but there are also the Courlanders, and Lithuanians, and several other Germanic peoples, all Russian subjects, yet they have decided leanings towards Prussia. Then there are the large landowners, mostly German counts and barons, who still retain certain feudal rights, and who form a privileged class. They are the largest shareholders in the banks, which are almost entirely backed by German capital. In the past, too, municipal positions have been occupied by Baltic Germans who are anti-Russian in their sympathies.

MONSIEUR STUERMER, therefore, belongs to the Baltic Provinces, where feelings are very mixed. Yet many of Russia's best officers are from the Baltic Provinces, and numbers of them have given their lives for Russia. Surely the supreme sacrifice should show where their sympathies are. Russia has a great difficulty in the question of dealing with her foreign peoples. Yet although we speak so glibly of Germans in Russia, especially in Petrograd, we really ought to know that those Germans are Russian subjects who speak the German language. The Imperial Court is supposed to be surrounded by German influences; very probably that is true, but remember they are Russian-German influences, not Prussian-German ones; they are not alien people. The Tsar and Tsarina are very Russian in their sympathies, but it is a curious fact that the language they always use in their home life is English.

I DON'T think there is a single case of a real German being free in Russia during war-time, such as there has been here. They were all sent back into Siberian cities, such as Omsk, a fine town; but they are

(Continued on page 592)

THE SPANISH PRINCESSES

Beatrix and Maria Christina, the two little daughters of the King and Queen of Spain

ITALIAN ROYAL VISITORS

The Duke of Puglie and the Duke of Spoleto, now visiting England, with Queen Amelie of Portugal

1917's War Wedding

The woman-worker, smocked and booted,
Will wed the boy that's just recruited;
So, on the land as on the wave,
None but the fair deserve the brave.

about two thousand miles from the fighting, so it is difficult, therefore, for them to communicate with the enemy. I also think that I am quite correct in saying that not one German was allowed to become a Russian subject after the outbreak of war. Russian passport regulations, which have always fretted foreigners, were all in good working order before this war commenced.

❋

Monsieur Miliukoff, a member of the Russian Duma, who is said not to have minced words in speaking at the last opening of that political assembly, is a staunch friend of Great Britain. It was to his blunt speech that Monsieur Stuermer took exception and wished to prosecute him. But Monsieur Miliukoff is a strong man, and although the Duma has no real powers of legislation, yet grievances are well aired there. I have quite often listened to Russian orations in the Tauride Palace, now the home of the Duma, and built by Catherine the Great for her favourite Potemkin, and although knowing but little of their language, yet the speakers' eloquence always conveyed much of what they were saying to my untrained ear. And I remember quite well Monsieur Miliukoff's speech at the banquet of the British Flag Society, held in Petrograd last spring. He opened with "Here's a toast to the representatives of the British nation and a hope that our two armies will soon meet in Bagdad;" and the gist of his speech was that the importance of the British-Russian Alliance is quite clear. England's part is to blockade Germany by sea. And he concluded with: "I see the guarantee that the war will not end with 'no victory for either side;' the participation of England in this war is an assurance that the Russians will never forget, nor the ideals for which they accepted the war."

BACK AGAIN IN VAUX

Although shelled to ruins—mere heaps of earth in which broken casemates just show amongst the general destruction—Vaux is now once again in the hands of our Allies, as the result of patient and tireless endeavour

❋

To illustrate the simplicity of the Russian people, even the well-educated classes, I will relate an incident that happened to me in a big Russian bank in Petrograd about a year ago, when Monsieur Stuermer was made Premier. Monsieur Goryemkin, the former Premier, would not retire, and Russians insisted that he should, saying that he was much too old for the office. About 70,000 workmen went on strike. At the bank the directors—as they call the several managers of every such institution—were gravely talking over the situation. One of them took me aside and explained much to me, and another kept walking round and round, looking at me suspiciously, and discussing me with another director. Finally he gave a note to the director I was talking to. I became thoroughly alarmed, especially when I saw the answer was simply my name. So I asked what it all meant. I was wearing a Royal Field Artillery brooch, and those dear directors had forgotten all about the ancient Premier and the threatened strikes in their curiosity as to what R.F.A. meant. In my relief I said to them: "It is the badge of a regiment, but in France they say it means 'Russia, France, Angleterre.' You see how polite we are; we put Russia first and England last." They were so pleased that they clapped their hands and grinned like schoolboys. The Russian people are, indeed, a very interesting study.

Rosamond Boultbee

Not a Cubist Conception—

—nor a futurist fantasy, but a daily experience at the front nowadays, when the air seems to be black with planes. The photograph shows a Nieuport "chaser" biplane, photographed at 9,000 feet up from a companion plane

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE WAR MACHINE

My Dear Bystander—

Of all the joys that thrill the human bosom no greater joy is given to our Allies, French and Belgians, than to become the honoured recipient of a British decoration. The well-known Belgian veneration of the lemon-coloured Sam Browne belt is nothing to it. And whatever form the honour takes doesn't signify in the least; all that is necessary is that it shall be English. From time to time an assorted collection of English medals are set aside for distribution among the Allies in the field, a certain number to be allocated to certain units,

* *

At a recent distribution, the lengthy process of elimination having been gone through laboriously and systematically, all were finally disposed of, save one, which was to be allocated to a Belgian Anti-Aircraft Battery. A number of names at once suggested themselves. But, no! The lucky man must obviously be one who has had relations with the English. After twenty-four hours of careful deliberation the momentous decision is finally reached, and amidst the usual impressive ceremonials the D.C.M. is pinned upon an inflated bosom to the accompaniment of a neat little speech dealing with the appreciation of bravery, coolness, and devotion in the field, and so on. Later on it occurred to somebody to ask what exactly the relations with the English had consisted of, and it was revealed with touching simplicity that the relations had consisted of the following namely, one visit to the English camp with the object (unachieved) of borrowing a corkscrew for the evening!

* *

Who is there who has not at one time or another stopped to ponder on the working of the great war machine, and to marvel open-mouthed at the deadly relentlessness with which the minutest cog in the huge wheel plays its fateful part towards encompassing the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

Sapper Henri Degroot, of the ——ième Cie. du Génie, hasn't stopped marvelling at it since he was admitted to the hospital some days ago suffering from an acute stomachic complaint, due to the condition of his teeth. The most practical method of relieving the trouble was clearly to extract the complete molar system and give him in exchange a false set of beautiful gleaming fangs, which would, they told him, possess the additional advantages of both enhancing the wearer's facial charms by about 95 per cent., thus making him simply irresistible to his *marraine* when next on leave, and also of penetrating ration biscuits as if they were so much putty.

It was a tempting proposition, and thus it came about that some twelve hours later Sapper Degroot woke up with a start in a nice comfortable chair to find himself toothless to the world.

* *

At the first sign of returning vitality in the patient the operator stepped quickly to his side. His face wore an anxious, worried look. "*Quel âge avez vous, mon vieux?*" he asked in an excited tone. "*Trente quatre,*" mumbled Sapper Degroot, "what's wrong?" The operator gave a groan. "*Hélàs! mon pauvre!*" he explained with emotion. "Just as I was getting out the false set I came across a new order that has just come out which forbids us absolutely to give a set of false teeth to a man under the age of thirty-five! And you are only thirty-four! *Diable . . .!*"

It was only too true. After due consideration the hospital authorities arrived at the decision that they found themselves quite unable to agree to establish a precedent.

However, in a little under seven months Degroot will have turned thirty-five. He is very comfortable in hospital, and though he sometimes fears that as soon as he has turned the right age another order will be published forbidding false teeth to be issued to soldiers over thirty-five, yet on the whole he is wonderfully cheery and takes his milk beautifully.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Passed by Censor

"GRUYERE CHEESE TO-NIGHT, BOYS!"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Entanglements

PASSED BY CENSOR

"COME ON, BERT, IT'S SAFER IN THE TRENCHES"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Food and the Faddists

Now that the question of regulating the consumption of our daily bread is in course of settlement, it is only natural that the voice of the extremist, like that of the turtle, should be heard in our land.

On the one side stentorian tones declare that if you tamper with British beef and beer, the old country will go to the qualified bow-wows; while from the other side there is a piping voice inquiring what is the matter with—nuts.

There are many who consider that the limiting of the dinner bill to five shillings does not err on the side of wanton extravagance. In some expensively appointed restaurants by the time you have deposited your coat and hat, and have bowed to a few acquaintances, you already owe the establishment about four-and-six, so that the margin left over for riotous living is not dangerously large.

The suggestion has been made that the general adoption of what is known as a vegetarian diet—that is, a diet restricted to vegetables, eggs, and milk—would adequately maintain the national stamina, while at the same time enabling fashionable *restaurateurs* to supply daintily served meals with a fair chance of making a little profit on the deal.

It has only needed a faint suggestion of this kind to bring all the faddists into the field, to say nothing of the hollow-eyed enthusiast who solemnly believes that the carnal appetite may be adequately appeased by a meal consisting, approximately, of two haricot beans and a monkey-nut.

On the other hand the disciples of the beef-and-beer school hold that, in war-time especially, we ought to eat plenty of meat in order that we may develop the necessary amount of ferocity for our sanguinary job. The idea here seems to be that if you eat a great deal of beef you will inevitably acquire the reckless courage of the bull.

The theory that a man partakes of the attributes of the food that he eats seems at first sight quite plausible, especially when we remember that the Germans are much addicted to pork.

The cold, stern evidence of chemical analysis, however, seems to shatter this theory beyond repair. A famous English novelist, who specialised in "shockers," used, it is said, to eat quantities of raw meat in the belief that he would be thereby inspired to imagine horrible things. It is probable, however, that a raw turnip, eaten just before going to bed, would have served his purpose just as well—if not more so. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote an extravagantly Bacchanalian ode all about

The maidens dancing on the grapes,
Their milk-white ankles splashed with red!

(get away, you boys!) and heard it affirmed that the lines could only have been the work of a chronic wine-bibber. Whereas the genial doctor seldom drank anything stronger than tea.

In laying down laws for general observance in the matter of diet there is only one rule that is absolutely reliable. That is, that what is one man's meat may very well be another man's poison.

The difficulty about the general use of a vegetarian diet is that vegetarianism is a highly scientific form of feeding. And unless the science goes with the feeding all the time errors in diet are almost certain to occur. By some caterers, indeed, the scientific side is so disastrously emphasised that when dining at their establishments you may sometimes be justified in doubting whether you are in a restaurant or a chemist's shop.

Besides, many excellent people are absolutely convinced that they could not live without meat once a day; and for all we know to the contrary, they may be right.

Vegetarianism has many merits; but it is not much use preaching of a Promised Land of Milk and Honey to a man who cannot digest milk, and who finds honey nauseating to the taste.

The only practical way to deal with the food problem would seem to be to appeal to everyone to consider seriously the simplest form of diet that suits his health and his palate, and to let an exceptional temperance govern his appetite for the duration of the war.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

"Vy should I remember der month of November—
Der month ven mine air-sheeps vos shot?
I see very goot reason vy der November season
Should always be forgot"

Standard Bred

SOME ASPECTS OF THE WAR "LOAF"

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

CINÉMANIE FRANCAISE

CHER AMI—

YOU heard last week about the *maladie anglaise* I diagnosed as "Cinemania." Lest you should take unction to your soul in the thought that this is purely an Anglo-Saxon complaint, I hasten to show you the other side of the picture. On your own showing "you never go to cinemas," even in peace-time, and you know nothing about them. Then an Englishman, who has oft-times found relief from the strain of war in your Boulevard Cinemas, will put you to shame and tell you about them. I begin with the confession that here again, as in so many other matters, you beat us. Pathé Frères and Gaumont are, I suppose, the pioneers of this colossal industry. Our English manufacturers and the sensation-loving Yank have followed, faint but pursuing, in the wake of the French film mechanic.

⚜ ⚜

WHEN I last took fresh air upon your Grands Boulevards, Paris was nightly quivering in amused anticipation of the Zeppelin, and receiving her with a fanfare of guns quite often. So that the doused harbour lights of the little picture palaces, set back upon those broad pavements, were the only friendly twinklings to the night mariner steering an uncertain craft upon the forbidding sea of the Italiens and the Capucines. How well I remember the night when I sat, dog-tired, through the last film on a very small screen in a little *théâtre des nouveautés* down near the Porte Maillôt. The concluding scene of an intense and prolonged drama necessitated the shooting of somebody, to the accompaniment of a *fortissimo* from the orchestra drum. The drum beats were louder than usual that night, and only a few of us realised that bombs were dropping from the contemptuous heavens unpleasantly close to the little cinema. We exchanged glances as the lights went up, and as we stumbled out into the impenetrable gloom the herald of German culture and higher thought sailed over the Arc de Triomphe like a bestial bird.

⚜ ⚜

YOU have some very bad and some very good cinemas. Your bad ones are worse than our worst, and your best beat us hollow in every department of the business. In the early days of the war, when the British lines were very much nearer Paris than they are now, I was trying to keep awake in one of your worst. I was bored to distraction, but had not the energy to go away. Sitting right at the back, I was suddenly galvanised into wakefulness by a cockney voice whispering to a companion in the gangway: "Might get a brace of 'em in 'ere, Bert, y'never know." Ho, ho! thought I, the military police looking for victims. I sat tight. Two British Army Service Corps drivers were sitting, agape at the film, just ahead. Our military police in Paris have eyes like hawks. How they distinguished my khaki in the darkness goodness knows, but, anon, a hand felt its way slowly down my sleeve until it encountered the stars, then with a hurried "Beg y'pardon, sir," the man moved away. The hawk eyes fixed themselves upon the M.T. drivers, and I heard in the gangway a muttered "'Ere, you two, come aht o' that," etc. In the vestibule, as I left, I saw "late passes" being carefully scrutinised by two taciturn N.C.O.'s, to the wonderment of French onlookers, who were discussing British discipline in terms of awed surprise. "*Diable, comme ils sont disciplinés ces anglais!*"

⚜ ⚜

BUT if you want, Jacques, to study the French temperament collectively, ascend to the heights of Montmartre on Sunday night and take a stall at the Gaumont Palace—the last word in cinemas. The Theatre has seating accomodation for five thousand comfortably, and the perfect film, perfectly produced. Incidentally, it has also the best string orchestra in Paris. On the huge screen is flung nightly the drama of love and death; and here and there about the house are scattered examples (nightly) of the drama of love, licit and illicit; and on the shoulders of so many of the blue-clad men is cast the shadow of that other drama they may play a part in so soon. Say, to-night, they have a big four-act play to show. They lead up to it with farce, with life-like productions in colour of growing flowers set against artistic background, with studies, also in colour, of the habits of the mole—with anything light, in fact, amusing. They are tuning-up the house with deft fingers, these film producers. Then the faces of men of the hour slide into vision—Lloyd George, Tino, Monsieur le Préfet, Chaplin (Charlie, not the other), Joffre—and the house sighs openly with the satisfaction of security—and so on. In the *entr'acte* the orchestra plays the "Sambre et Meuse," a bell rings, the lights go down; in the twenty-five franc *lôge* and the ten-sou gallery hands seek hands again, and five thousand momentarily contented Parisians settle down to be thrilled. It is a battle drama, played by the best actors in France. French infantry surge into the foreground, ever-victorious. A young lieutenant, beloved by his company, does great deeds; the villain, a traitor, dies an awful death; the enemy is annihilated—right conquers might, and all, in Act 4, becomes well with the world. Now you, cynical old brute that you are, will say this is childish, waste of time, banal, etc. But you are wrong. Your Gaumont Palaces are good things if for a brief hour or two they dispel and obliterate from the mind the trials of to-morrow, the endurance that will be their portion next week, the misery that was theirs yesterday. *Cinémanie Française* achieves all this, *mon vieux*, so cavil not, but sicken for the disease yourself—it is worth it, it is really!

Ton dévoué,

JOHN

In Delicate, Ethereal Dress

Camera Portrait by *Lallie Charles*

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF MISS VERA NEVILLE

Now playing in "Houp-là" at the St. Martin's Theatre. But we would warn Miss Neville not to go out in the snow in that hat without an umbrella

19

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE ___TH KITE BALLOON SECTION STILL DOI

950

OING GOOD WORK "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

SPARSAMKEIT!

BY AN AMERICAN BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

Mehr Sparsamkeit—more and even more sparing—has been the order of the day since last I wrote. This is Germany's new plan to win the war. After trying for two years to win by the sword, wise men here have come to believe that war is a mere contest between sparers; and that the belligerent which eats least, dresses worst, washes never, and invents the most specious surrogates will emerge as victor.

⁂

DAILY life is now a lesson in *Sparsamkeit*. I live in a house in Landhüterstrasse, near the Bayerischerplatz, which lies due south of Charlottenburg suburb. When I rose this morning I found two classes of *Sparsamkeit* bureaucrats in the flat. One came from Schöneberg municipal council to hunt for brass fittings which he declared were not registered at the November, 1915, brass and copper census. The other, an iron-worker, came with a policeman. Months ago the municipality seized the brass fittings of the Dutch stove, including a flue-door on top, a door below, and a plate in the floor before the door. The house-owners were told to replace the doors and plate with iron. Being *sparsam*, they ignored the order till hot coals dropping on a floor set a house on fire. Now the police themselves do the replacement work, and send bills for it to the house-owners.

⁂

YOU get a new lesson in *Sparsamkeit* by looking across the street. Berlin houses have broad, deep balconies, where you are allowed to do anything except hang out washing. For hanging out washing the fine until lately was fifty marks. To-day every balcony flutters with white shirts and ladies' nightgowns. Herr Kreuzmann, Berlin's chief municipal *Sparsamkeit* expert, discovered that £1,500,000 a year was being wasted in drying clothes by artificial heat. So the prohibition against hanging out washing was revoked; and now there is no garment, however intimate, which cannot flutter on the balcony in front of your drawing-room window.

⁂

AT Treptow *Sparsamkeit* is illustrated by an amazing exhibition of surrogate frauds and substitutes; and you can see there municipal expert Fischer's table, which proves that by using these surrogates you can make £300 go as far as £500. The prime product is a new nettle-cloth shirt. Eighteen months have passed since the first nettle-cloth was woven, but the old nettle-cloth could not be made without a mixture of cotton; the Treptow shirt is all nettle fibre. Probably it stings and burns like the surrogate shirt of Nessus; but it is *sparsam*.

⁂

NEXT door to the Treptow surrogate exposition is a Schultheiss beer-hall. There, too,

THE KING OF WÜRTEMBERG

This mediatised monarch has been getting into trouble over his jubilee. He had a special series of stamps prepared in commemoration, but forgot to obtain the consent of the Berlin post office, which has censured the issue, thinking, no doubt, this sort of thing must be stamped out

you can see *Sparsamkeit*. The pewter lids of beer mugs have all disappeared. They contained tin and lead; and, despite Denmark's loyal efforts to smuggle us out tin and lead, both these are scarce. General von Kessel, Commander in the Mark, first commandeered Berlin's pewter lids; after that lids were commandeered throughout the Empire. I heard that altogether 17,000,000 lids were seized. This is a tragedy, as a beer-mug without a lid is no mug. The lid has a special use. If you leave it raised that is a signal that you want more beer. Now the waiter has to come and ask if you want more.

Sparsamkeit with motor-cars is saving tyres and ruining theatres. This is a double economy. Until November Berlin's theatres were booming. One reason was the good taste with which they prefer enemy plays to their own. On one night you had *A Winter's Tale* at the Deutsches, Gorky's *Night Asylum* at the new People' Theatre in Bülowplatz, Tschaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* at the Charlottenburg Opera, and Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* at the Lessing. When the decree came out forbidding you to drive to theatres in motor-cars, the theatre attendance fell off by a fifth. *Sparsamkeit* enthusiasts are delighted, because theatres, they proclaim, are waste, and the way to win the war is to save.

⁂

INDIVIDUALS are doing well out of *Sparsamkeit*. If—having missed the theatre owing to lack of cabs—you come home after nine you find your house in darkness. Formerly the entrance-hall and staircase were lighted till ten. That was in the contract. Now the landlord puts out all lights at nine, pockets the saving, and pleads *Sparsamkeit* and the need for winning the war.

⁂

OTHER profiteers from *Sparsamkeit* are chimney sweeps and professors of science. For the first time in history sweeps are a privileged class. A new law authorises them to buy more soap than ordinary citizens. They get a special Soap Supplement Card—a *Seifezusatzkarte*. At first the sweeps discovered that to be black-faced is to be healthy; and they sold their supplementary soap at sixpence a piece. Now the sale is prohibited; and sweeps are going about with indecently clean faces.

⁂

THE scientific professors are being turned by the soap famine into millionaires. Every one of them has invented at least one soap-surrogate. The financial newspapers advertise every day a new company to put on the market Professor Schmidt's or Braun's miraculous soap-surrogates, which contains not one of the ingredients of soap, yet does everything that ordinary soap does, and more.

⁂

Sparsamkeit is both patriotic and profitable. Unless England can compete in it she will lose the war.

Over a Shapely Shoulder

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A captivating portrait of Miss Elsie Scott, who is appearing at the new St. Martin's Theatre in "Houp-Là"

Rest After Riot, Peace From Bitter Strife

In the quiet and sunlit cloisters of this centuries-old French abbey France's wounded heroes recover their strength. A haven of rest indeed; peaceful and beautiful enough to make them almost forget, save in their haunting dreams, the horrors of the Verdun battlefields, but not the imperishable glories of their gallantry

The Bystander in PARIS

"ABOU-BEN-ADHEM"

"BUT," said Vivette, "but—that was a note which you gave him." "It was only a five-franc note," said I. "Yes, I know," said Vivette, "but——," and just then the door opened. "It was a cab with a green lamp," I said, as, having awakened the *concierge* at last (I believe there is a special sleeping draught affected by Paris *concierges*), we hurried in out of the cold. "Oh," Vivette said, "of course I haven't got a handkerchief!" And, if there had been anybody there to see it, people might have been rather amused at the unusual sight of an elderly couple trying to wipe one another's eyes in the dark on the stairs of a house in Montmartre at midnight.

POSSIBLY all this requires some explanation. Just a year ago the dearest friend man ever had in Paris died—killed by the war. And the cab with the green lamp had brought his memory back to us a little too suddenly for our composure. John F. Macdonald was an anonymous prince of Bohemia. He lived in that fairy land of Paris from which hard, material fact was banished by romance. The boundaries of this land are humour, poverty (the poverty which does not care for the future), and harmless conviviality. Mac (we all called him Mac) lived but a short time as statisticians count the years, but lived a lifetime in his keen enjoyment of every twenty-four hours, and was so loved that he will never die. I am writing of him now not only because this is the first anniversary of his death, but because John F. Macdonald was the real essence of the Franco-British Alliance, because he was both Englishman and Frenchman, because no man alive has ever understood or loved and lived his Paris so thoroughly, so deliciously, and so absolutely as he did.

SO many men have died since November 26 of last year that the name of John Macdonald, who wrote about Paris, lived in it, and loved it may be almost forgotten now. For he wrote comparatively little, although that little, whether in the *Saturday Review* in one or two of the daily papers, or in the *Fortnightly*, made a place for itself all its own in English literature. Mac was no great literary genius. He wrote, as he thought and spoke, in vivid, jerky splashes, which live in the memory of all lovers of Paris who have read them; and the whole life of the man, short as it was, was a poem. He was no high-brow. He lived among his fellow creatures and loved them; humanity was his joy, his study, his whole life. I want, if I can, on this anniversary of his death, to show you his wondrous personality. His family called him "Puck," and no name describes him better. He was Puck with a touch of Ariel about him, a queer little fellow to look at, well below average height, with tiny hands and feet, and the old, old, humorous face with a glint of mischief in it, of a Rackham drawing. He knew nothing of the meaning of time or money.

HE roamed about Paris, the very essence of "A Bystander," seeing everything, enjoying everything, doing good all round him always, and showing temper only when he was found out. Mac never had the slightest notion of time. He has been known to ring a friend up in the middle of the night to borrow an overcoat and a cab-fare. He had met a poor devil in the street, he

(Continued on page 608)

"Strolling along a deserted Paris street, at 2 a.m, arm-in-arm with a Paris policeman"

"He has been known to ring up a friend in the middle of the night to borrow an overcoat and a cab-fare"

explained, and given him everything he had in his pockets, and his own overcoat as well, because he saw him shivering with cold. He called on me one afternoon in evening-dress because he had gone out to dinner elsewhere, suddenly thought he would rather come and dine with us instead, and then remained with us for four days because he didn't want to go home in evening dress in the daytime and took a fancy to our company at night. He was the only man I ever knew whom I have seen strolling along a deserted Paris street at 2 a.m. arm-in-arm with a Paris policeman. "I knew that if I could get into intimate conversation with a policeman," he said afterwards, "that he would prove to be quite a decent fellow underneath.

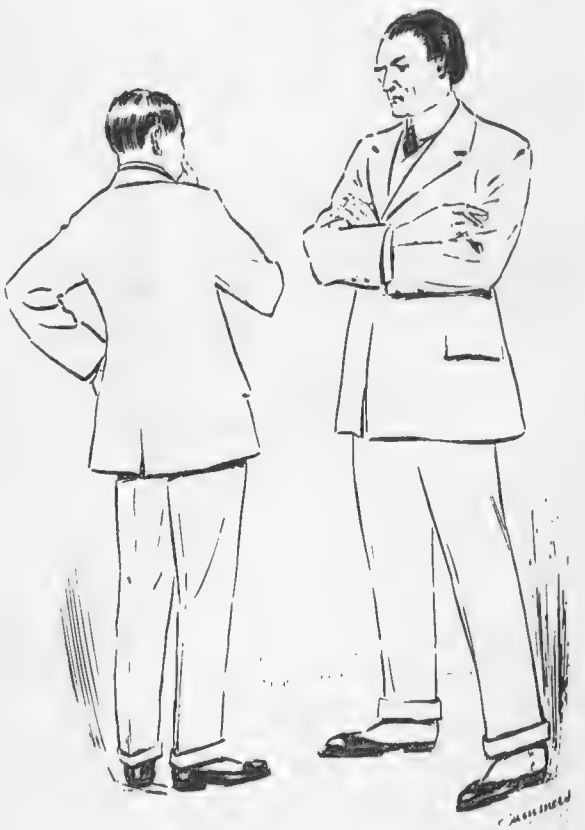
⚜

The last letter he ever wrote to me was written in London at six o'clock in the morning. "You were asleep when I called—it was 1 a.m.," he said, "and the night porter of your hotel didn't want to disturb you. But yo night porter is a most interesting man. We had supper together (his supper), so as not to wake you up, and on my way home I made the acquaintance of a most intelligent *souteneur* (a burglar in his spare time as well, I think), with whom I walked right across London. I had a most enjoyable evening, and shall now sleep all day." Mac and I were together during the horrible weeks in Lens which followed the Courrières mining catastrophe. Though, like the rest of us there, he had to work very hard all day, he spent most of his nights and all his money feeding all sorts of miners' waifs and strays who had lost their all by the death of their bread-winners underground. I remember scolding him once for being penniless again when I knew he had had plenty of money the day before. "What *could* I do, old chap?" he said. And he told me the story of a girl whom he had met quite casually (a girl whom he didn't know at all), who had been obliged to sell her only valuable—her mother's ring. "I had to get it back for her," he said, "and, of course, it's left me without a penny." Whatever he did for other people always seemed the most natural thing in the world to Mac. Whatever other people did for him always amazed him. "Amazing" was one of his favourite qualifications.

⚜

And the cab with a green light was a peculiarity of the little man's kindness. He lived here in Paris near the Gare Montparnasse, which is a long way from the centre. There were not many motor-cars in Paris in those days, and Mac, who hated walking, and who usually first thought of going home to bed when most people were beginning to think that it was time to get up, had a habit of walking miles to find a cab with a green light because he knew that these cabs had their stables near his home, and because he hated the idea of "forcing an unwilling cab horse to hobble away from his own stable" at that hour in the morning. John F. Macdonald only wrote one book, "Paris of the Parisians," but his whole short life was a book of itself, and every article he wrote was a little cameo of the Bohemian life of Paris. In London he was lost. London was too big, he used to say, and awed him. The tragedy of his life was his departure from Paris. An even greater tragedy was his return to it in war-time. This matter-of-fact world in which man's one preoccupation had become the quickest and most effective method of hurting his fellow man was abhorrent to him. The war killed him as surely as though he had been in the trenches. The world he saw was out of joint—and so he left it. But this Abou-Ben-Adhem of the twentieth century will always live in the memory of his friends.

John N. Raphael



"I remember scolding him once for being penniless again when I knew he had had plenty of money the day before"

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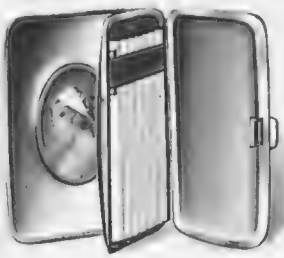

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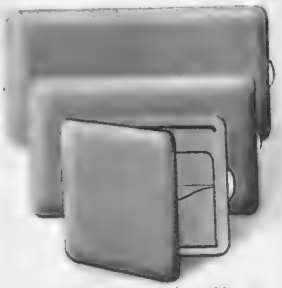

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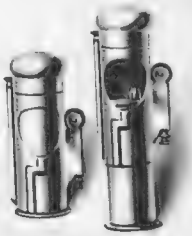

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BELLICOSITIES

"An iron Bill for an epoch of iron" was von Bethmann-Hollweg's picturesque description of his measure for the Compulsory Service of Civilians. Belgians and others have far more reason to regard the epoch inaugurated by Germany in August, 1914, as an epoch of "steal."

⁂

It is comforting to find that American after-the-war pacifists, and their English sympathisers, have no intention of allowing their League to be misused, in present circumstances, for the promotion of a make-Schiff peace.

⁂

As we understand the position in the South Wales coalfields, the men have no objection to State control of the mines, provided that it is accompanied by miners' control of the State.

⁂

In spite of its present troubles, the British Empire still includes at least one earthly paradise. Its name is Western Australia, where the Government is just now considering whether it is necessary to raise the income-tax to sixpence.

Men of four feet six inches (if there are any) are now to be accepted for Army Service. They will presumably be recruited under the Short Service Acts.

⁂

It is given out that, owing to the effects of the war, the *London Gazette* is now to be edited by its contributors. So far, there is no sign of an extension to other papers of what some journalists might be tempted to regard as an ideal arrangement.

⁂

"G. B. S." has been informing a deeply interested public that his grandfather was in some respects like the late Austrian Emperor. But he seems to have refrained from mentioning, as a further point of resemblance, that neither of the two deceased gentlemen was particularly happy in some of his descendants.

An unqualified denial may be given to the rumour that Mr. Kennedy Jones contemplates seeking Holy Orders at the end of the war, in order to qualify for appointment to the Vicarage of Bray.

⁂

Mr. George R. Sims remembers the time when Mr. Asquith was "the gentleman who lived next to Robert Buchanan." Ah! if we could only recall the past!

⁂

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has been surprised to hear that glycerine cannot be pumped. We can assure him that that is a mere nothing. He should try to pump Lord Robert Cecil.

⁂

What to do with our Government? In default of the present changes proving satisfactory, why not Weight—and Sea?

⁂

"A Government," says Lord Robert Cecil, "is always unpopular in war." The suggestion is, of course, that we should leave the Government in peace.

TRUE CAUTION

LANCE-CORPORAL (*of mopping-up party in captured German trench*): "Better keep yer 'at on, Smudger, or yer might catch a cold"

Warring with Weather

DAWN just over the world's edge; the mercury snuggling down into the bulb to keep warm, and a vicious wind, of the man-eating type, abroad and yelling for prey.

Lord help the man now whose clothes are sodden with the night's rain. How the poor devil envies his comrade, Thresher-clad and comfortable, standing yonder, cigarette in mouth, exposed to everything that's going in the way of wind and wet but rather seeming to like it! Up rushes the famished blast, springs upon him, claws him over hungrily—and howls away defeated.

There's no way in through the Thresher for cold or wet. Most of the rain stops at the outside shell of hard khaki drill, which is really there to take the rough and tumble of trench-wear and to discourage the clinging affection of trench-mud. Any wet that gets through that has only wasted its time, for it finds itself up against the storm-proof lining and there's nothing for it to do but sit down and cry. The cold will go through those two layers, of course—with heavy losses of its fighting strength, though—but it can't make head or tail of the warm inner lining (sheepskin or wool at choice). That beats it down and out! So it hangs about outside, trying to sneak in at wrists, neck and button-holes and failing because of the cunning little comfort dodges in the build of the Thresher.

The official recommendation of the Thresher by the War Office has been endorsed by 12,000 officer-wearers and nearly as many (it would almost seem) imitators who have adopted as much of its principle and as many of its details as seemed decently safe.

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The 'Thresher' with a Sheepskin Lining defies all weather, and is without exception the most valued of Xmas Gifts. As, however, over 12,000 officers are already in possession of this unequalled campaigning garment, we are prepared to take back a 'Thresher' if it should prove to be a duplicate.

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Cavalry type with knee flaps and saddle gusset, extra - - - - - -		15	6

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid any delay enclose cheque when ordering.

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Two Plays at the Apollo Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE first is a wordless play, and it is called *A Pierrot's Christmas*. It is Christmas Eve, and Pierrot, who is of middle age, is sad because he must dine alone, though, as a matter of fact, the one place on earth where a man need not be alone is at his dinner-table, especially if the fare he offers is substantial, and the wines are good. What? So, instead of eating his dinner Pierrot goes to sleep in his fireside armchair, after having first hung up in the chimney-corner, for Santa Claus to see, the shoe of Columbine (we shall not, if you please, pause to inquire how he came by it). And then there is a knock at the door, and a pretty little girl drops in as a sort of Christmas-box, and asks for food and shelter. This part is played by little Joan Morgan, a child-actress at once interesting and intelligent. The little girl is called Fanette, and Pierrot decides to become a father to her in a right and proper Christmassy spirit.

THEN ten years flit away, and the curtain rises on Pierrot's garden. In those ten years Pierrot has grown still more middle-aged; but apparently he still flatters himself that he is young enough to be the husband of a fair and blooming girl of eighteen or so; and when Fanette shows a preference for young Jacques, a bonny boy of about her own age, Pierrot quite loses his temper about it. Some Pierrots are so very unreasonable. Having caught the young people in the midst of what I believe is known as a fond embrace, he orders them both off the premises. So Fanette runs away tearfully with her Jacques as the curtain falls, and we can only sit and frame the pious hope that Jacques will do the right thing by the now homeless girl.

EIGHT years elapse. Again Pierrot sits at his table. He is still brooding over Fanette, although by this time it would seem that he really ought to be old enough to know better. Indeed, he broods so much that he decides to drown his sorrows in drink. He takes several glasses of wine in succession, and then, not unnaturally, he feels a desire to go to sleep in his fireside armchair. As soon as he has closed his eyes the door of the room is opened, and Fanette and Jacques enter, leading by the hand their lovely little daughter. When Pierrot wakes up and sees before him a little girl who is the living image of the waif he sheltered eighteen years before, he thinks he is dreaming. Or, if he reflects at all on his potations, he must be apprehensive that he is beginning to "see things." But when the child asks for a kiss all is forgotten and forgiven, as it should be at this season of peace and goodwill. Where are we, by the way?

WORDLESS Pierrot plays are, of course, pure fantasy, and need, therefore, to be played in that half-humorous style that most happily emphasises the point that they are only make-believe after all. Mr. Norman McKinnel, who plays Pierrot, is, perhaps, a little too serious. Even in the drinking scene, which needed only to be barely suggested, he is quite grimly conscientious. For myself, I do not care for stories that tell of the desire of a man to marry a girl to whom he has been a father from her childhood. To my mind, such a theme needs the lightest possible touch to make it acceptable, and a Pierrot play would seem to afford the best medium for this purpose. But at the Apollo Theatre one missed just that light suggestion of fantasy that would have saved the situation.

THE second play is called *Poached Eggs and Pearls*. It is a delightfully humorous skit on the usual war-canteen presided over by ladies of title. Very properly, the play emphasises the fact that the high-born ladies who volunteer for war-service have to work under the most strenuous and depressing conditions; but the situation is presented so brightly and so laughably that the lesson is learned unconsciously. Miss Gertrude Jennings, the authoress, evidently speaks of that which she knows; and like the poet who found sermons in stones, she is able to see fun even in the dismal industry of washing dinner-plates. The star of the piece is Miss Betty Ward, who is the veritable Handy Andy of the canteen, and who in her over-eagerness to do the right thing consistently does the wrong one. We owe a debt of gratitude to those who can compel us to laugh at our misfortunes, and I make my bow to Miss Jennings accordingly.

JINGLE

made in—(?)—

British skill has "made it so."

Would you have our warships built in foreign dockyards? You would laugh at the very idea.

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Dumb Spiro, Spierrot

"A Pierrot's Christmas," at the Apollo, is a pretty and well-acted wordless play, illustrating the tag that "Hope Springs Eternal." In conjunction with "Poached Eggs and Pearls," should make an attractive programme for weeks to come

MUSICAL NOTES

VERDI AND PUCCINI

EVERY man, I suppose, has some particular theory he would like to establish or some particular bubble he would like to prick before he dies and is heard of no more. I have several of both kinds. One of them is the desire to persuade people to stop talking about Verdi and Puccini as if they were a kind of Heavenly Twins of Italian Opera.

⁂ ⁂

NOW, Verdi and Puccini have one thing in common and one only: they both have produced popular operas in the Italian language. There the resemblance ceases. Verdi is a great master, Puccini is not. Verdi is tremendously masculine, Puccini is distinctly effeminate. Verdi has passion, Puccini suffers from acute hysteria.

⁂ ⁂

BUT the greatest delusion about them is that both are equally "Italian" in the nationalist sense of the word. On the contrary, Puccini, with his nervous harmonies, his scraps of melody, is about as far removed from Italian traditions as could well be imagined. He is essentially *the* composer of the cosmopolitan "idle rich"; his public is *par excellence* the public of Ritz-Carlton Hotels and *trains de luxe*.

⁂ ⁂

NOW Verdi wrote very long tunes, sometimes rather blatantly harmonised, but always full of character, always akin to *stornelli* on the one hand or the old Italian masters on the other. At his worst he is vulgar, as Beethoven and Wagner and most of the great musicians are sometimes vulgar, for all exuberant vitality is dangerously near vulgarity. At his best the same exuberant vitality becomes irresistibly divine. Between Verdi and Puccini there lies the unbridgeable chasm that will always separate the greatness of genius and the cleverness of talent.

THE LATE SIGNOR PAVLO TOSTI
Whose death was recently announced. His song "Good-bye" will make him immortal to English song-lovers

⁂ ⁂

AND if you are not quite sure, ask yourself whether it is likely that a man of real genius would centre all his operas but one round the sufferings and deaths of heroines, of whom all are "frail" by nature, and at least one by profession! What should we have thought of Verdi if he had painted only a long series of *Traviate?*

FRANCIS TOYE

THE

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I told the fellows the other night, when there was a discussion on the Heavies, that "what a Gunner says is always worth listening to." A Johnny on observation duty appreciates responsibility too much to talk a lot of tosh; and when he says an Army Club is "some" Cigarette don t you bother about any other, but go and get a few, and try them for yourself.

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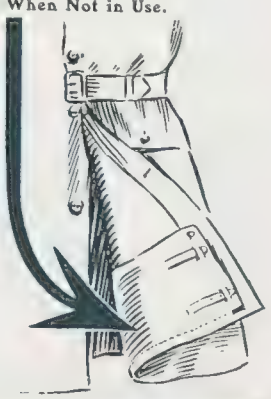

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"The Old Blood"

MR. FREDERICK PALMER follows up his admirable *My Year of the War* with an equally admirable war-novel. *The Old Blood* (Murray: 5s. net) has for its hero one of those right-minded Americans who, like Mr. Palmer himself, is thoroughly neutral—on the right side. So much so that when Phil Sanford, in amiable pursuit of two Anglo-French cousins somewhere in France, is caught up with them in the German advance, and sees just how the Hun acts in war-time, the old blood calls, and he cables to his parents for permission to join the British Army. As a gunner he sees the real thing, and pays the price. A shell causes him temporarily to lose most of his five senses.

Love and War

And then Mr. Palmer skilfully weaves an exciting little romance, in which each of the two cousins, who are sisters though wholly unlike one another, takes her part—and not altogether the part, perhaps, that you, or, indeed, Phil himself, may expect. What happens afterwards must be censored by the reviewer, in order that the reader may find out for himself. *The Old Blood* is a good rattling story, and Mr. Palmer is on very sure ground when he is writing of the war.

MR. FREDERICK PALMER
Author of "The Old Blood" reviewed on this page

"Madame Prince"

Most lovable of middle-aged heroines is Mr. Pett Ridge's *Madame Prince* (Methuen: 5s.), a dressmaker up Highgate way with a keen business instinct and a fine love for her children. The story, told in Mr. Pett Ridge's inimitable fashion, mostly concerns the marriages of her children. Ethel manages to convert her boy from an insufferable bounder into something approaching a gentleman. Phyllis marries her penniless baronet, and as Lady Chard charms her mother's customers. About Richard, the budding novelist, there is a little mystery which only helps to show you what a fine woman Madame Prince really is. Mr. Pett Ridge knows his characters thoroughly. To read his book is like going to a party of your best friends and hugely enjoying every moment of it. R. S.

(Continued on page 622)

Gramophone Records

A Few Selected Titles.

	s.	d.
A Perfect Day. When you come Home (Ivor Foster)	1	6
Tigle-Ingleing Fox Trot. Finale, Act 2 "High Jinks"	4	0
"Half-Past Eight" Waltz "Broken Doll" Fox Trot	4	0
"Long Long Trail" Waltz. "Peasant Girl" Waltz	4	0
"High Jinks" Fox Trot. "Bing Boys" Waltz	4	0
They called it Dixieland. Wake me with a Rag	2	6
Hawaiian Melodies (by Luvaun)—		
Moana Waltz. You've got to do it	2	6
Kilima Waltz. Hawaiian Waltz Medley	2	6
Kohala March. Honolulu March	2	6
"Razzle-Dazzle." Selections 1 and 2	5	6
"Melodyland." Part 1 and 2 (Introducing Popular Hits)	4	0
Gems from "Mr. Manhattan." Parts 1 and 2	4	0
"Pell-Mell" Selections 1 and 2	4	0
"Some." Selections 1 and 2	4	0
Any time is kissing time. (From "Chu-Chin-Chow.") Within the garden of my heart	5	6
Ladder of Roses Razzle-Dazzle. Fare thee well, Molly darling	2	6
Yaaka Hula Hickey Lu'a. (Elsie Janis)	5	6

From Theodore & Co.

Three hundred and sixty-five days. (Leslie Henson)	5	6
Every little girl can teach me something. (Grossmith)	5	6
My friend John. (Leslie Henson)	5	6
Any old where. (Henri Leoni). Overture	4	0

All the latest records from "High Jinks," "Some," "Samples," "Pell Mell," "Razzle-Dazzle," "Happy Day," "Bing Boys," "Chu-Chin-Chow," "Mr. Manhattan," "Watch Your Step," "Follow the Crowd," etc., etc

Special and prompt attention to B.E.F. orders. Carriage paid upon orders for £1. Are you upon our mailing list? Full catalogue upon application.

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(*Opposite the Hippodrome*). C.D.C.

WHEREVER you see a War Service vehicle with pneumatic tyres, there you will find Warland Dual (quick-tyre change) Rims making their considerable contribution to efficient and dependable transport. Their ease of handling make them indispensable to the lady driver.

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ASTON, BIRMINGHAM;
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4oz BOTTLES, as illustrated, 2/6.

FOR wife, daughter or sweetheart or for a sick or wounded friend, there is no more dainty and delightful Xmas Present than YARDLEY'S EAU DE COLOGNE

The supreme quality of its fragrance, refined delicate and lasting, makes it an ever welcome gift.

There is no finer quality than

Yardley's Eau de Cologne

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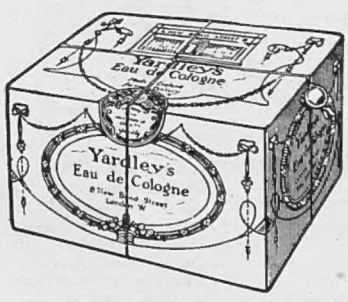

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WICKERED BOTTLES Small, 4/-.
Medium, 7/6. Large, 15/-.
Magnum, 30/-.

For Cut Glass Bottles and other styles and sizes see Price List—Post Free.

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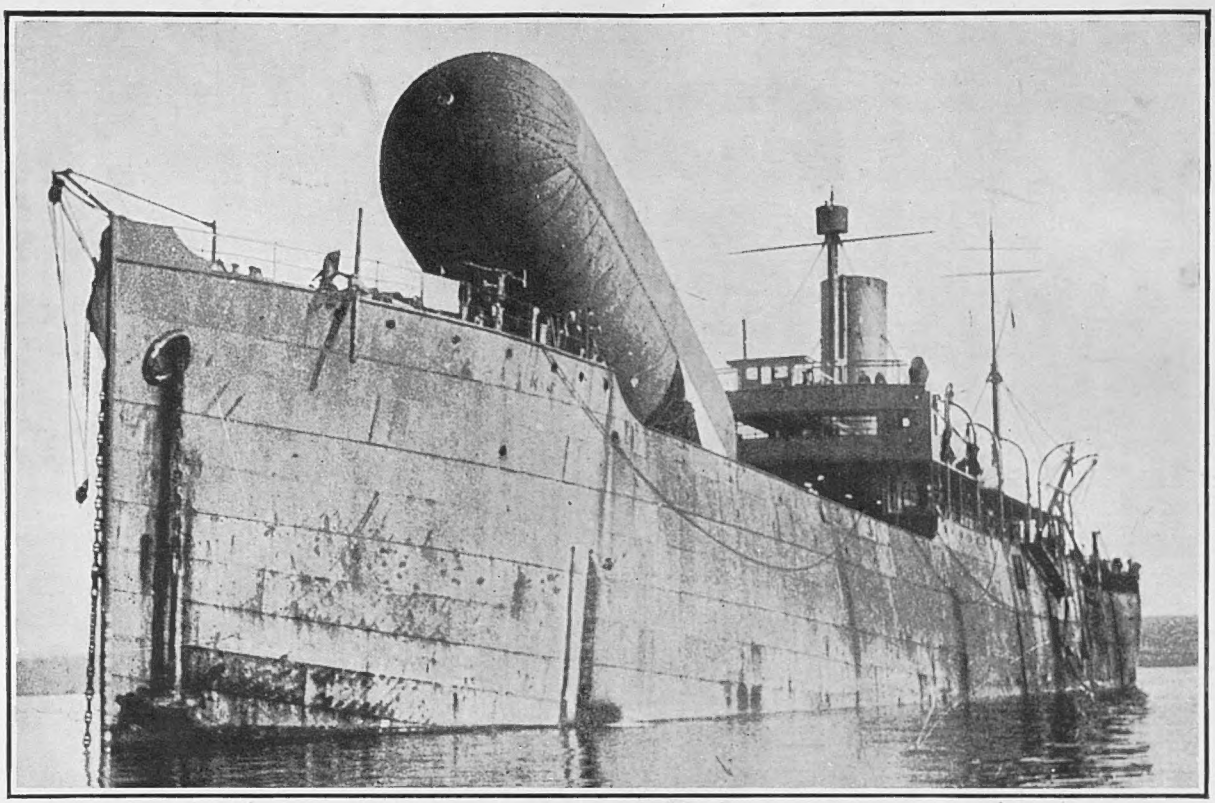


THIS IS THE GUN—TO FRIGHTEN THE HUN!

So you might well be excused for thinking; but on closer inspection you will find it is only a war-balloon rising gently from its parent snip to fulfil its duties as "the Eye of the Navy"

'Lantern Land'—Grand Xmas Bazaar at PETER ROBINSON'S

BRING THE CHILDREN to London's lightest, brightest and best Xmas Bazaar!—"Lantern Land" will make the little folks happy. There are toys here for boys and toys for girls—good British toys that will give nothing but delight and satisfaction, You will find an unrivalled assortment of every wonderful kind and description of Toy—and prices will exactly suit your own particular needs.

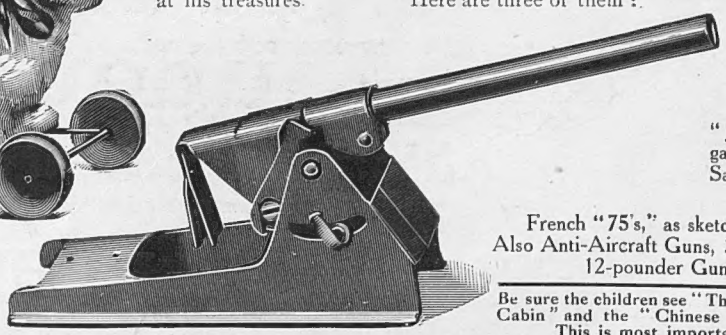
"Jumping Jack"—elegantly dressed in white Satin, trimmed black, 17/9

TELL THE YOUNGSTERS—

Santa Claus makes "Lantern Land" his headquarters these dark and wintry nights, and stores his huge stock of beautiful toys in our bright and cheery Xmas Bazaar. While "Santa" sleeps in the day-time boys and girls can come here and peep at his treasures. Here are three of them:

Finest quality White Plush Dogs, as illustration.

Each 2/11½, 3/11½, 4/9, 5/9, and 7/11



French "75's," as sketch. Each 2/6

Also Anti-Aircraft Guns, 3/11; and British 12-pounder Guns, 5/11

Be sure the children see "The Old Log Cabin" and the "Chinese Garden." This is most important.

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THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's Christmas Presents are of highest quality. Every article has been carefully selected, and is the best value obtainable. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will be pleased to send articles for approval, carriage paid, at the Company's risk.

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Any badge applied.

Diamond and Enamel Military Badge, set in Palladium, White Enamel Border on Black Moiré Silk Band or Regimental Ribbon. Any badge.
£5 5 0

Only One Address. No Branches.

112 Regent Street London W.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 618)

Lives of Two Legal Luminaries

THE general public probably lumps all barristers together as persons who amass large fortunes by the terrors of their cross-examination, without differentiating at all between one man in a wig and another. But the careers of two men called to the Bar at about the same time—each of them eminently successful in his own line—may differ very greatly. Hardly a better illustration of this is likely to recur than is supplied in two books of reminiscences recently published—*Forty Years at the Bar*, by J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), and *Forty Years at the Criminal Bar*, by Edmond D. Purcell (T. Fisher Unwin: 6*s.* net).

⁂ ⁂

THAT both these books make entertaining reading need hardly be said—the life story of a successful man, told by himself, must be of interest to all who agree with Pope's maxim. And if "the proper study of mankind is man" be true, it may supply the real reason why both these barristers achieved so much success in their profession, though their methods, their *milieu*, and their point of view were as different as chalk from cheese. To steer a big bill through the quicksands of Committee, and to obtain big fees for so doing, was the lot of Mr. Balfour Browne; the late Mr. Purcell's energy and ability were directed mainly to the defence of persons unfortunate enough to find themselves in the dock, and often unable to provide more than the minimum amount necessary to instruct their "mouthpiece."

THAT Mr. Balfour Browne's work should have been in the seemingly arid, but, in fact, gold-producing, field of cases dealing with water-supply, railways, accounts, arbitrations, extension of city boundaries, and sewage disposal does not prevent his narrative from being as entertaining as it is illuminating, marked, as it is, by a refreshing outspokenness of comment upon the innumerable people with whom he has come in contact during the course of his long career. But Mr. Purcell's clients are presented equally skilfully; and his accounts of the many big trials in which he has been engaged lose nothing in the telling.

⁂ ⁂

MR. BALFOUR BROWNE gives one excellent piece of advice, representing the crystallisation of his experience. "If I have learnt anything in the Courts," he says, "it is—not to go to law." Many who have had sad experience will echo this apophthegm; but those who, like Mr. Purcell's miscellaneous collection of evil-doers, have "going to law" thrust upon them willy-nilly, will regret the loss of a powerful, ingenious, and intrepid advocate. Whether a man is "standing counsel" to many powerful corporations, or, let us say, to the fraternity of 'bus-thieves, is not so much a question of ability as of chance environment; of these two men, in fact, Mr. Purcell would probably have felt far less out of his element before a Parliamentary tribunal than Mr. Balfour Browne would have done at Clerkenwell Sessions.

B.

SOLDIER'S CHILDREN PERISH.

While their father was fighting for his country and their mother out at work, two children of tender years were the other day suffocated in a fire that destroyed their home.

"Good-bye."

The

National Children's Home

(*Founded by Dr. Stephenson*)

Prevents tragedies like this by caring for the soldier's children during his absence.

- ¶ Upwards of 200 boys and girls of soldier parentage have been received, and several children of sailors.
- ¶ In one case there were five of a family, the youngest 11 months, the eldest not yet 8. Their mother is dead of consumption, their father at the war.
- ¶ The children are brought up amid healthful surroundings, in cottage homes; are well educated, and trained for useful careers, without the taint of "charity."

THE SOLE LIMIT to this beneficent and patriotic work is the public's generosity. The State allowance averages barely more than half the cost, and where children are concerned cheeseparing is folly.

Send a Donation (mentioning "War Service") to:—

THE PRINCIPAL (Rev. W. Hodson Smith) **NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME** 104-122 City Road, London, E.C.